

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THE first concerted move on the part of the New York theatrical managers to aid in the prosecution of the war is to take the shape of a big benefit entertainment to be held at the Hippodrome on the evening of Sunday, May 20. A score or more of theatrical stars will participate and there will be a patriotic spectacle in which a battalion of marines will be a feature. The money derived from the show will be given to the Patriotic League of the United States Marine Corps Recruiting Service. The committee in charge is made up of A. L. Erlanger, Marc Klaw, Lee Shubert, George M. Cohan, Charles Dillingham, Sam H. Harris, A. H. Woods, Archie Selwyn, Arthur Hammerstein, William A. Brady, Martin Beck, E. F. Albee, Ziegfeld Jr. and Edward Selwyn, the last-named being chairman. It is understood that the managers may project further plans to raise war funds later.

A RHYME BY VINCE.

Vincent A. Brady of the United States Marine Department, League Island, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, wants to blossom forth as a rhymester. He has sent us a "poem" which we think has a punch. What do you think? Here it is:

I'm in the marines (but not in the band,
And I'm looking for a girl to stand,
I'm doing my duty and I'm proud,
But I'm not a soldier, I'm a rhyming crowd.

"EYES OF YOUTH" CAST.

The Messrs. Shubert have completed the cast of "The Eyes of Youth," Charles Gounod's play, which will be first presented in Stamford, Conn., May 11. The players engaged are Mabel Brownell, Clifford Brock, Fay Wallace, Harry Davenport, Caroline Reynolds, Robert Conner, Leonard Lee, Warner Richmond, John Davidson and Foxhall Daingerfield. After the production opens in Stamford it will play a week in New York, and then come to a Shubert house in New York for a spring and summer run.

VERA MYERS ENGAGED.

Vera Myers, the seventeen-year-old daughter of James Myers, advertising manager for Klaw & Erlanger, a protégée of Pavlova, has been engaged by William Elliott and F. Ray Connelley to play the old-fashioned wife in a special "Oh, Boy!" comedy next season. For the present she will understudy Marie Carroll, who is playing the role of the Princess.

"TRAIL" TO CLAIM HER.

From the Arthur Hammerstein headquarters comes the announcement that Billie Monte, a chorus girl in "You're in Love," Warner Richmond's production, will abandon the stage as a result of a visit to Billy Sunday's tabernacle recently. Miss Monte, the announcement states, is to "hit the trail" in two weeks.

TO ALTER CLUBHOUSE.

If a plan now on foot goes through, the building used by the Greenroom Club at No. 12 West Forty-seventh Street will undergo some extensive alterations in the near future. The members of the club have suggested to the Actors' Order of Friendship, which owns the structure, that it be rebuilt, and there is little doubt but what their wishes will be respected. Ed Snader has formulated the plans for the changes. They include the extension of the building 30 feet in the rear. In all, about \$25,000 will be expended.

OUR OWN POPULAR SONGS.
A new old song, "The Eyes of Youth," is being sung by the men with Charlie Kew, who is a singer in the band.

CHORUS.
"The Eyes of Youth," is a song that is being sung by the men with Charlie Kew, who is a singer in the band.

GOSSIP.
Flannigan and Edwards, vaudeville comedians, have been engaged by Oliver Morosco for "What Next?"

Frank Thayer, a member of the Coconut Grove company last night, Other Dillingham & Ziegfeld stars will appear there later.
Last night was "crown night" at the Hippodrome. Joe Jackson discarded his ragged clothes and appeared in a tuxedo that almost fitted him.
The John J. Scholl Theatrical Agency has been consolidated with the Chamberlain Brown concern, with Mr. Scholl as general manager.
Max Fisman in "The Substitute,"

Good Stories

THE EASIEST WAY.

THE Mayor of a western town hit upon a novel scheme to rid himself of a bore who had pestered him for some time.
But the Mayor's doorkeeper was a goodnatured, obliging chap, and he could never find it in his heart to turn the man away. One day the Mayor determined to end the persecution. So he said to his doorkeeper: "Effie, do you know why Smith comes here so often?"
"No, sir, I don't say that I do."
"Well, here I don't mind telling you in confidence that he's after your job."
"From that day," says the Mayor, "I saw the face of the bore." The Mayor's doorkeeper.

QUITE CORRECT.

IN a certain provincial town where everything is up to date and the people are always planning some new scheme, a shocking thing happened.
One of the most eligible women announced a "White Elephant Party."
Every guest was to bring some-

thing that she could not find use for, and yet too good to throw away.
The party, however, would have been a great success but for the unluckiest of developments which broke it up.
Eleven of the nineteen women brought their husbands—T. H. H.

JUST IDEAL.

IT is the privilege of the British soldier to "graze" and he is ably assisted by his fellow-fighters in the trenches.
Two of the latter were recently heaving their hard lot and saying that they would be if they could choose.
"I'd be the chaplain," said one enviously.
"Why?" asked the other.
"Because he ain't got no work to do and all day to do it in," was the reply.
The second marine snorted contemptuously.
"I'd rather be the Captain of the marines."
"Could you?" asked the other.
"Well, the chaplain, as you say, ain't got nothing to do and all day to do it in, and a Lieutenant to 'elp him do it"—London Answers.

"S'MATTER, POP?"

For Once in His Life Uncle Si Has No Answer Ready!

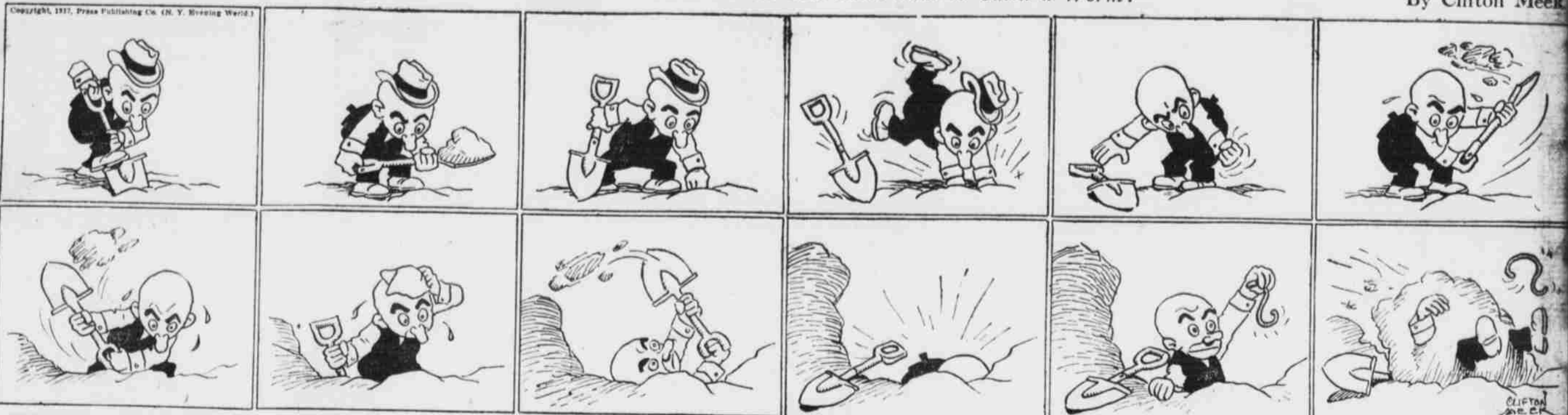
By C. M. Payne



OLD GRINDSTONE GEORGE

To Catch a Fish You Have First to Catch a Worm!

By Clifton Meek



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

Merely the Sight of Work Tires Her Out!

By Bud Counihan



NEW RULES FOR TENNIS

By Vic



The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

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"SEE," said Poppie, the Shipping Clerk, "that the Government has ordered a lot of mosquito netting for the use of the Navy. That's a strange order, isn't it?"

"Not at all," replied Bobbie, the Office Boy. "It's to protect our ships from the mosquito fleets of the enemy. Now, as I see it, there's a person makes an effort to launch an intelligent discussion in this office and what does he get? An answer from Bobbie like the one he just gave Mr. Poppie."

"Seems to be the net result," said Miss Tillie, the blond stenographer. "And then," continued Miss Prim, "he gets another asinine remark from our little blond friend across the room."

Miss Tillie grew red in the face and was about to reply when Spooner, the mild little bookkeeper, decided it was time to interfere.

"Oh, let's all be happy this morning," he said. "I think we'd better try a new subject. I'm going to raise potatoes this year."

"When does one raise potatoes?" asked Miss Prim.

"In the summer."

"The food speculators have been raising them all winter," came from Bobbie.

"That was entirely uncalled for," snapped Miss Prim.

"That's what the Government thinks," the boy replied.

"Ignore him, folks!" suggested the Private Secretary. "Then to Poppie: 'I'm going to do my bit. I think I'll furnish medical supplies for the Red Cross. How would some iodine do?'"

"It ought to help," said Poppie.

"If Mr. Poppie raises potatoes," said Bobbie, "he can furnish iodine."

"Where will he get it?" demanded Miss Prim.

"I'll get it out of the potatoes' eyes. The more eyes the more iodine."

"I presume," said the Private Secretary, "that Bobbie thinks his cheap, far-fetched joke should be greeted with peals of laughter."

"Sure-potato peels!"

"I have a nice piece of level ground in which to plant my spuds," said

Poppie quickly, heading off a tirade from Miss Prim.

"It won't do," said Miss Tillie. "Potatoes should be planted in hills."

"Fine, kid!" sang out Bobbie. "That's a very old joke," snapped Miss Prim.

"One might say it's as old as the hills," suggested Miss Tillie, smiling.

"Or as old as the Primms," snubbed Bobbie.

"The Private Secretary turned on him like an enraged tiger. 'Bobbie,' she demanded, 'do you insinuate that I'm old?'"

"Old things are often called primative, aren't they?" asked the boy.

"I shall tell that to the Boss."

"Fine!" said Bobbie. "He told it to me."

The Private Secretary left the room, slamming the door, and the morning discussion was over.

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